DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON.

Henry Hudson, the great navigator, made his last voyage to the Polar Seas in 1610. In the summer of 1611 his crew mutinied and set him adrift in an open boat, with his son, John Hudson, and some of the most infirm of the sailors. They were never heard of more.

MRS. GLADSTONE.

Very recently Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, and the demonstration made throughout England was convincing evidence of the honor and esteem in which they are mutually held by the world's best types of men and women. The special tributes paid to Mrs. Gladstone were as much in appreciation of her worth as a woman as testimonials to her wifely attributes. She was assured by the representatives of societies and others sent to Hawarden with presents that the people of England knew and valued her services to her country, and the words of affection from the "lower classes" tendered her were offered in recognition of her work for the race. She is a noble woman, aside from the fact that her position is so exceptional that her faults would naturally seem trivial, surrounded by the halo of her rank and her husband's fame. As a little child she exhibited the unselfishness which has made her name beloved in England. Her father said of her that she was his most gifted child, and always spoke with subdued pride of the strong character she exhibited in earliest youth. She chose as a school-girl this motto, "If you want a thing well done do it yourself," and has kept it as hers through life. The practical good sense manifested by her when young has been her magic wand through all the passing years. She is now a woman of seventy-six years, and is the same wise-minded, sensible person that she was when she wrote her chosen sentence in her diary full seventy years ago. The story of her life would read like a beautiful romance, so full has it been of work—domestic, social and philanthropic—and so overflowing with happiness. Love more than position or opportunity, has made her life so useful, and this has been the potent factor in the great success of her husband. They have been lovers of their kind, and have sought the good of their fellow-beings rather than any selfish aims. The variety and interest which have marked Mrs. Gladstone's life would have been lacking to a large extent had she not felt such an overflowing sympathy for the people—for the poor and the trouble-burdened, the weary and the faint-hearted. One of her friends was one day lamenting to her that she could do nothing for others because she had not means.

"Oh, yes, you can, my dear; you can do everything; you can love them."

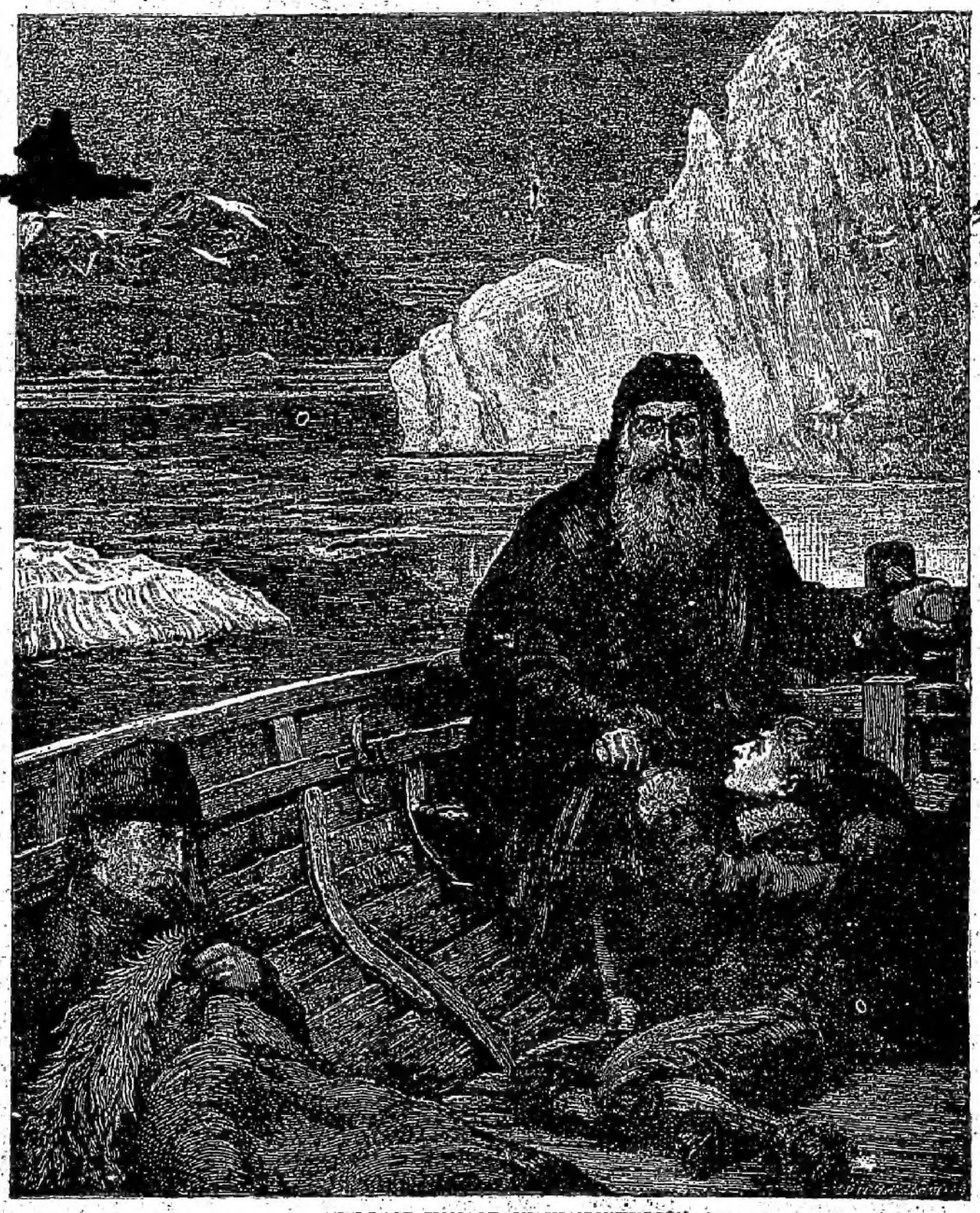
"But that would not help the poor or the sick or the dying," was answered.

"Yes, it would; it would cheer and bless and comfort; try, and prove my words," said Mrs. Gladstone, and her visitor parted from her in tears, so heartfelt and earnest were her words.

An unmarried gentleman in London, whose wealth enabled him to live in ease and idleness, was induced by reports of Mrs. Gladstone's efforts to send her a sum of money to be used as she thought best. She wrote him a reply, in which, after thanking him for his donation, she said: "The poor will be grateful to you for your gift, but they will love you if you give them something of yourself." As he was a man who had not been in the habit of devoting himself to the service of others, he could not quite understand the purport of her words and wrote her so. The reply was most characteristic:

"You have a beautiful tenor voice," she said; "the sick in the hospitals would love to hear you sing, and it would give happiness to tired heads and aching hearts to have you show such interest in their fate as your personal presence would prove. Go and bless them."

And the spell this woman cast about him caused him to offer to sing in the hospital wards, and after a few experiences of a kind he had never dreamed of before he gave up the greater part of his time to the children's wards and a share of his income for fruits and flowers and solid comforts for sick children.—*Mail and Express.*



THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON.

WARNING TO S[illegible]RINKERS.

An American cle[illegible]he Rev. Dr. George C. Baldwin, [illegible] tells in the *Christian Quiver* the [illegible]A Bottle of B[illegible]

In [illegible]ce of extra labo[illegible]62, in establi[illegible] and building [illegible] worship on Vail avenue, in our city, I becam[illegible]so exhausted that my [illegible]isted upon giving m[illegible] vacation, and [illegible]ndred dollars in gold to pay its expenses. Securing the companionship of a neighboring pastor, the Rev. J. E. Cheshire, we went to New York and took ship for Charleston, intending to go to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi river, and thus swing around a circle homewards.

When about to go to our ship a kind friend in New York brought me a dozen bottles of Scotch ale, saying, "You are much debilitated and must not drink strange waters. This beer will not only satisfy your thirst, but acts as a good tonic." What I, a pronounced temperance man, should do with a dozen bottles of beer, was not apparent. What I did do with them I proceed to tell. Very soon after we were out at sea I easily disposed of eleven of them, but decided to keep one for an emergency. That came on the railway between Charleston and Montgomery. It was June. The atmosphere was hot and sultry. The car was crowded. My thirst became intolerable, and I said to my companion: "We are hundreds of miles from home. Nobody in this car knows us. Our example, therefore, can do no harm. Get out of my valise that bottle of beer, for I must have something to drink."

With much caution, so as not to attract attention, he did as I requested and he held the bottle firmly between his warm knees. Having no corkscrew, he slowly dug out the cork with his pocket knife. Meanwhile, of course the beer was getting hotter and hotter. Those who remember him—and I am very sure there are very many of our ministers and churches who do—will recollect that he was extremely fastidious about his dress. His shirt bosom and cuffs were always pure and white. We were both supremely expectant.

But no clap of thunder I ever heard—and I have heard some tremendous claps—ever amazed, and for a few moments so confounded and alarmed me, as did the loud bursting of the cork from the overheated bottle. It struck the ceiling of the car like a bullet. The beer foam spurted fiercely, straight into the white shirt bosom, over his hands and arms, and full into his face. He made matters worse by persisting in endeavours to stop the forceful beer-flow with his thumb, which, of course, intensified its force, in more general directions. The climax was reached when the car resounded with the roars of its passengers. Then I exclaimed, "For mercy's sake throw that abominable thing out of the window!"

He did so, with tremendous energy. My brother's disgust at his condition was simply indescribable, and I cheered him myself by saying:

"Thank the Lord we are among total strangers who don't know who we are, and whom we shall never see again."

Judge then, who can, my alarmed astonishment when, more than two years afterwards, at Saratoga, a fine looking gentleman stopped me on the street, and, with a beaming countenance said:—"Mr. Baldwin, I am really delighted to meet you again."

Thanking him for his kindness, I expressed my regret that I did not remember when or where we had met before. "Oh," he laughingly replied, "it was in the car down in Georgia when that beer-bottle burst!"—*Temperance Record.*

WHERE WAS [illegible] PLACE CALLED

From an illustrated article under the above title by Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson, in the November *Century*, we quote the following: "The only representative site for Calvary now offered pilgrims in Jerusalem is found in a couple of rooms inside the old edifice; one is owned and exhibited by the Greeks, another by the Latins. These share the same disability; both—since the Church is already so full of traditions on the ground floor—had to go up a flight of stairs into free space nearer the roof. And there it is, amidst tawdry curtains and gilt bedizenments of candles and altar-shrines, that this ancient spot upon which the cross of Jesus Christ rested is pointed out, and the veritable hole is shown in which it was planted. And the thieves' crosses—a decorous but rather inadequate distance of five feet between them on the right and left of the middle one—are ranged alongside. And down underneath, far below, across some intervening space left by grading away the actual soil of the hill, so we are sagely told, is the grave of Adam! Tradition has related that at the crucifixion of Jesus some drops of blood fell through upon Adam's skull and raised him suddenly to life; and there are commentators who declare that so the prophecy quoted by the Apostle Paul (Ephesians v. 14) was well fulfilled; 'Awake, thou Adam that sleepest [for thus the former versions read in the text], and arise from the dead, for Christ shall touch thee.' The art-people say that this is the origin of the fact that in those early rude representations of the death of our Lord a skull is introduced.

"Can any man of sensibility be blamed if he makes an imperious demand that something more—something else at least—shall greet him in answer to his question, Where was our Lord crucified? If there should be no other advantage gained by the acceptance of a new site as now proposed, this would be enough; it would put an end to the awkward and offensive impostures daily exhibited under the roof of the filthy old church. They are a standing mockery of the claims of the Christianity they profess to uphold. Those ceremonies of Easter at the tomb where our Lord is declared to have been buried are a caricature of an event so glad and holy. The struggle around the flames that are chemically forced out of the smoky hole in the sepulchre, so that devotees in frantic zeal may light their lamps, brings death from the trampling of thousands, fills the house with howls that put heathenism to shame, and sends true believers away with an infinite disgust and horror deep in their hearts. How long must such a scandal be patiently endured?"

READING-UNIONS.

(*Martha Van Marter, in the Sunday-School Journal.*)

Last summer, on a steamboat, a pleasant faced lady attracted our attention. She was occupied in reading, much of the time, and when, presently changing her seat, she took a position where we could not fail to see the open page of the book she was so evidently enjoying, all the pleasant impression she had made was destroyed. We knew she could not possibly read the watery, would-be witty, but really vulgar book which she held, and still be a woman of mind and heart.

And yet, God had given her both, but she had denied the one, and dissipated the other! And all, perhaps, because in her early youth she had not been wisely directed and led in the formation of her mental habits.

Just at this point the wise Sunday-school teacher may give help of untold value. Children are not only intensely active, but they are intensely social little beings. They dearly love to be doing something, and they love to be doing it in each other's company. Mind acts upon mind and heart upon heart, and "union" is just as certainly "strength" among little people as elsewhere.

There has never been a time when our youth were in greater need of help and guidance in the matter of reading than now. The flood-gates of wish-washy, semi-vulgar, wholly unsafe literature seem to be opened, and many and many a young life is being wrecked because there is nobody who cares enough to reach out a helping hand.

What can the Sunday-school teacher do? Advise? Warn? Preach? No; *act, act, ACT!* Get in ahead. Pre-empt the ground. Dispute Satan's right to these fair fields. Put in the right kind of seed, and that implies careful watching of the seed. You say that you can advise concerning the books that the children draw from the library, but what more can you do? After all, they will only read the things they like. Then help them to like the right things!

But how? you ask. One will take one way, and one another, providing any way at all is taken. But why may not some plan like this be tried: Propose a class reading-union. Have a little book in which each child's name is entered, and the kind of reading that he likes best—biography, history, romance—noted. Then study the school library, with your pupil's tastes in your mind. Make a list of the best books under each head, and be ready to recommend such books. Encourage the children to keep little blank books in which they enter the names of all books read, and their thoughts concerning them. Get the class to come together a few minutes before the opening of the school, and talk over their reading during the week. They will come if you do, and the little comments and questions upon the reading will often be a means of real help. The very fact that their Teacher is interested in what they read, will stimulate the young readers.

Beside this general oversight of the reading of library books, the teacher who has the time will do well to meet the "union" for an hour once a week to read with them some interesting book, somewhat in advance of their other reading, that they may get the mental exercise of stretching up for some of their food. But be sure that the food is worth reaching after!

A number of years ago, a lady in a mission school in a large city had a class of street-boys who began to feel too old for the Sunday-school. She proposed a sort of reading union to them, and came the next Sunday armed with "Ten Times One is Ten." The boys became deeply interested in the story, and, seizing upon the thought of the book, were eager to make it practical in their lives. And they did! You may smile at the thought of street-boy philanthropy, but this class became philanthropists in a real sense; and to-day the boys of that class, no longer boys, are men of larger, better growth than they could have been without the help of that noble book brought to bear upon them by the living, loving teacher.

A heaven-inspired love and care for the souls intrusted to our guidance, will lead to many and many a device for their good. May not some such plan help in the moulding of young lives? "He that winneth souls is wise."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 27.

FORGIVENESS AND HEALING.—Mark 2: 1-12.

COMMIT VERSES 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.—Ps. 103: 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ forgives the sins of all who come to him in faith.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 2: 1-12.
T. Matt. 9: 1-8.
W. Luke 5: 17-26.
Th. Acts 3: 1-11.
F. Ps. 32: 1-11.
Sa. Ps. 51: 1-19.
Su. Isa. 55: 1-13.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Entered Capernaum:* on the return from his first tour of Galilee. *In the house:* either his own home (Matt. 4: 42) or that of Peter. 2. *The word:* the word or message from God. 3. *Sick of the palsy:* palsy is short for *paralysis*, a disease of the nerves which destroys the power of motion or of feeling, or both. 4. *Could not come nigh him for the press:* or crowd, which filled not only the room but the court or area around which the house was built. The crowd extended even into the street. *They uncovered the roof:* the common houses, such as this probably was, were low, with flat roofs, covered with tiles or earth, and with stairways from the street to the roof. What these four did was not uncommon in the East. *The bed:* a small mattress, or blanket, perhaps upon a low light frame. 5. *Their faith:* the faith of the man and his friends. Jesus saw their hearts, and they proved their faith by overcoming difficulties. *Thy sins be forgiven:* his first need and desire. 6. *Scribes:* leading men and teachers among the Jews. These had come up from Jerusalem and elsewhere (Luke 5: 17) to see what Jesus was doing. 7. *Blasphemies:* evil speaking of God and religion; acting as if he could do what God only does. 9. *Whether is easier to say:* not which is easier to do, but to prove the truth of what you say. As, for instance, it is not as easy to speak Chinese as French, but it is easier for one who is ignorant to say that he can speak Chinese, for few could detect his pretensions; but multitudes could detect his pretensions to French. 10. *But that ye may know:* by a divine act which they could see he proves the reality of the other divine act they could not see.

SUBJECT: FORGIVENESS AND SALVATION THROUGH FAITH.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE SCENE (vs. 1, 2).—Where did Jesus preach on his return to Capernaum? What kind of an audience did he have? Who had come from a long distance to hear him? (v. 6; Luke 5: 17.) What attracted so many people? What did Jesus preach? (Matt. 4: 17; 13: 19, 31.)

II. THE MAN WITH THE PALSY: A TYPE OF SINNERS (v. 3).—Who was brought to the house during the preaching? What is the palsy? In what respects is paralysis a type of the moral disease of sin? Can the sinner cure himself? Should we be as earnest to be delivered from sin as this man was to be saved from his palsy?

III. BROUGHT BY OTHERS TO JESUS (vs. 3, 4).—Why did the paralytic desire to go to Jesus? In what way was he brought? What kind of a bed was this? What do the four helpers of this sick man teach us about bringing others to Jesus?

What difficulties did the four helpers encounter? Describe the Oriental houses. What kind of roof was broken through? What do the four helpers teach us about enterprise, ingenuity, and earnestness in bringing men to Jesus?

IV. FAITH IN JESUS (v. 5).—Whose faith did Jesus see? How had they shown their faith? Do difficulties increase our faith? Why does God permit so many hinderances in the way of those who seek salvation? Why is faith necessary to forgiveness and salvation?

V. FORGIVENESS OF SINS (vs. 5-8).—What did Jesus say to the paralytic? May the sick man have desired this most in his heart? Was it a greater blessing than being healed? What is the forgiveness of sins? Do we need the blessing?

Who made objection to what Jesus did? What did they call it? Was it "blasphemy"? How did they argue it to be blasphemy? (v. 7.) Would it have been blasphemy if Jesus were not divine?

VI. SAVED (vs. 9-12).—How did Jesus answer them? State his argument in your own words. What did he now do for the sick man? How could he take up his bed? How would his doing this show his faith? Would it strengthen his faith? Would it show the multitudes that he was really cured?

What does Jesus ask us to do when we seek to be saved? Does the doing show our faith, and increase it? What was the effect on the multitudes?

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 3.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.—Mark 4: 10-20.

COMMIT VERSE 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man have ears to hear, let him hear.—Mark 4: 23.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should receive the good seed of God's Word in honest and good hearts, and bring forth much fruit.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 4: 1-20.
T. Matt. 13: 1-23.
W. Luke 8: 1-18.
Th. Ps. 126: 1-6.
F. 1 Tim. 6: 6-21.
Sa. Gal. 5: 1-16.
Su. Gal. 5: 16-26.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER is told in the previous verses. Probably they could see at that time all the kinds of soil and the results, pictured before their eyes.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

10. *Asked of him the parable:* the interpretation of the parable he had just spoken. 11. *The mystery:* the things hitherto hidden, but now revealed by Christ. The disciples were obedient and teachable, and therefore could learn more. *Unto them that are without:* without the circle of Christ's followers, outside of the number who obeyed God. 12. *Seeing.....may see and not perceive:* the truth could not be given to them clearly because they would have made a bad use of it, to the injury of themselves and others. Even in this case God wanted them to see and believe and be saved. *Lest they should be converted:* not that Christ taught in parables for this end; but they would not hear and understand, lest they should be converted. 14. *The sower:* Jesus, the apostles, and all who teach and preach God's word. *The seed:* God's word of truth. The soil was the hearts of men. 15. *Way side:* the trodden paths or roads which ran near or through the grain fields. There were no fences or hedges. These hearers are those whose hearts are hardened by neglect and sin, so that truth makes no impression, and the wicked one, represented by the fowls, plucks away the good seed. Note that the wicked one cannot take away the good seed unless we let him. He cannot destroy the seed if the soil is good. 16. *Stony ground:* rocky; not fields full of stones, but a thin layer of soil over flat rocks. The soil is warm in the sun, and the seeds spring up very soon, but the soil soon becomes dry. *Receive it with gladness:* these hearers are those easily moved by excitement, and the feelings of those around them, but they do not become Christians in heart. Their principles and character are not changed. 17. *Persecution for the word's sake:* as soon as any trials come which test their principles, they fail. 18 *Thorns:* growing by the edges of the fields. These grow up faster than the grain, and shut off the sun and absorb the richness of the ground. 19. *Cares of this world:* anxieties about earthly things, too absorbing interest in them. *Deceitfulness of riches:* riches deceive in making people expect more from them than they can give; in eluding pursuit, disappointing people continually. *Choke the word:* these things take up so much time and attention that people neglect religion and goodness and heaven.

SUBJECT: VARIOUS WAYS OF TREATING GOD'S WORD.

QUESTIONS.

I. [illegible] IN PARABLES (vs. 10-13).—What is a p[illegible] What question did the disciples ask [illegible] Jesus speak in parables? Explain [illegible] was Christ's desire for them all? (Ezek. 18: 30-32; 33: 11; Eph. 5: 14; John 3: 16.)

II. THE SOWER AND THE SEED (v. 14).—Have you read the parallel accounts? Do you suppose Christ could have seen any sower at that season? Describe the fields in which the sowing was done? Why did he go forth?

Who is the great Sower of good seed? Who else should be sowers? (Eccles. 11: 6; Ps. 126: 5) What is the good seed? (Luke 8: 11.) In what respects is it like seed?

III. THE GOOD SEED BY THE WAYSIDE (v. 15).—What is meant by the wayside? How could seed get there? Who are represented as receiving the seed by the wayside? Who by the birds of the air devouring the good seed? (v. 4.)

How does Satan take away the good seed from men's hearts? Give some examples of wayside hearers. (Ex. 5: 2; Acts 24: 25; 26: 28.)

IV. GOOD SEED ON STONY GROUND (vs. 16, 17).—What is meant by stony ground? Why would the seed here spring up unusually quickly? Why would it wither as quickly? Who are represented by such soil? Why do they fall back so soon?

How can we tell whether we are Christians or not? (Rom 2: 7; Col. 1: 23 Rev. 2: 10, 26.) Give some examples of stony-ground hearers. (1 Sam. 19: 20-24; 28: 16-19; Hos. 13: 1-3; Gal. 5: 7.)

V. GOOD SEED AMONG THORNS (vs. 18, 19).—How could good seed fall among thorns? In what ways do thorns choke the good seed? What is represented by the thorns? How do these things interfere with our religious growth? Are they wrong in themselves? What should we do with them? (Matt 6: 33.) Give some examples of thorny-ground hearers. (2 Pet. 2: 15; Matt. 27: 3, 4; Acts 5: 1, 2.)

VI. THE GOOD SEED IN GOOD SOIL (v. 20).—What is meant by good ground? (Luke 8: 15.) What was the usual yield of grain in Palestine? What makes the difference in the fruitfulness of Christians? What fruit does Christ want us to bear? (Matt. 5: 3-10; Gal. 5: 22, 23.) How can we bear much fruit? (John 15: 5.) Are we sure of good fruit if we sow good seed? (Ps. 126: 5.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1889.)

1. Jan. 6.—The Mission of John the Baptist.—Mark 1: 1-11.
2. Jan. 13.—A Sabbath in the life of Jesus.—Mark 1: 21-34.
3. Jan. 20.—Healing of the Leper.—Mark 1; 35-45.
4. **Jan. 27.—Forgiveness and Healing.—Mark 2: 1-12.**
5. **Feb. 3.—The Parable of the Sower.—Mark 4: 10-20.**
6. Feb. 10.—The Fierce Demoniac.—Mark 5: 1-20.
7. Feb. 17.—The Timid Woman's Touch.—Mark 5: 25-34.
8. Feb. 24.—The Great Teacher and the Twelve.—Mark 6: 1-13.
9. Mar. 3.—Jesus the Messiah.—Mark 8: 27-38; 9: 1.
10. Mar. 10.—The Childlike Spirit.—Mark 9: 33-42.

YOUNG SOLDIERS IN ACTION.

BY GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

There is often much confusion in the use of the expressions "veteran" and "young soldier." The former is very commonly used as a synonym for an old man, and the latter to convey the idea of the imperfectly trained recruit, not yet strong enough to bear the fatigues of war. This is a misuse of those two military terms.

The veteran is a soldier of from, possibly, twenty-five to about thirty years of age, inured to all the hardships and dangers of war, but still in the fullest vigor of manhood. When military men say they prefer the young soldier, they mean the fully developed young man of from twenty-one to, say, twenty-six years of age, who although with little or no war experience, is perfectly trained and disciplined.

The word veteran, as it is commonly used, brings before the mind pictures of hoary old fellows fighting to the death in defence of a standard, or of some wounded comrade surrounded by crowds of ferocious enemies. The principal figure in those charming battle pictures of Horace Vernet is generally a warrior with a bronzed face and a grizzled head. The portly white moustache of the chasseur a cheval represented in the act of passing his sword through the body of a somewhat theatrically equipped Kabyle is meant to indicate that he is a veteran.

The apparent intention is, to convey the idea that he is one to whom such a mode of procedure has been a matter of every day life during a long period of military service. Had I been the painter, my experience of war would have caused me to represent this fiery sabreur as a very young man.

Miss Thompson,—now Lady Butler,—is one of the very few artists who have ventured to give a very youthful appearance to the foremost figures in her battle pictures. In her exciting picture of "Quatre Bras," the group forming the corner of the infantry square in the nearest foreground, is composed of beardless youths.

In their faces she has skillfully recorded the fact that the men who in that action drove back the old cavalry of the empire, were very young soldiers. The veterans who then charged home with reckless devotion to that greatest and most wicked of men, whom they idolized, were repulsed by striplings. They are shown in the picture with a dazed look of astonishment on their faces as they cheer, more from excitement, than any well-understood feeling of triumph.

The officer well accustomed to the sharp "ping" of the passing bullets, and to the wild clash of the near bursting shrapnel shell, watches with keen interest the conduct of those about him who listen for the first time to this death concert. Its effect upon the uninitiated varies with the character of the man.

It is more the buzzing of the mosquito and the tension of nerves, occasioned by the anticipation of expected attack, than his actual bite itself, that hinders sleep. So in battle, it is more the wild whiz of the bullet as it tears by you with lightning speed, always apparently close to your very ear, that startles and terrifies more than the sight of men falling dead or wounded around you.

I have come to this conclusion from watching the unmoved calmness of the deaf man when under fire. The swift, near-flying bullet is unheeded because unheard; it imparts no inclination to "bob" or "duck" to avoid its blow, because its proximity is unknown. The awe of sudden death, the dread of horrible wounds, only reach the deaf man's understanding through the eye, while those not so afflicted receive the impression through the sense of hearing as well as of sight.

The first time under fire is a memorable event in every young soldier's life. Some long for it as a new experience, all are curious to ascertain how it will affect them. A young comrade once described to me very fully what his feelings were in his first action.

The day had been one of rather feeble skirmishes, while the enemy kept falling back before us to a strong position he had prepared behind a broad, unfordable river, before which we halted towards evening.

The first man killed near my young friend gave him a little shock; it was a nasty sight, but did not strike him as much more horrible than the noise made by the butcher's pole-axe the first time he had seen a bullock slaughtered for food. This surprised him beyond measure, for he thought he had a very tender heart; he did not appreciate, however, the force of the excitement which fighting for the first time with his life in his hand arouses even in the man who does not know what nerves are.

To-morrow it would be the turn of another regiment to be in front, and the operations might be ended without having an opportunity of testing his nerve. He felt that nothing could make him run away, but could it be possible that he was by nature a coward?

Soon after the force had halted for the night the opportunity he longed for presented itself, and he sneaked away from his comrades unobserved to avail himself of it. As soon as the carts carrying the bridge equipment came up, the engineer began to construct rafts for use next morning. The enemy soon found this out, and opened a brisk fire upon the spot. There my young friend went to test the fibre of his nerve, and to realize the sensation of being shot at.

He rejoined his comrades after a short absence, furious with himself and with the soldiers he had found there. This was the cause. He had established himself in the zone of the enemy's fire, and was so absorbed in his own sensations whilst he thus, as it were, felt his own pulse that he failed to notice some rocket tubes which the artillery brought into position close to where he stood. His mind was engrossed with stories he had heard and read of what men feel under similar circumstances, when he was suddenly roused from his self-examination in a very undignified fashion.

Whiz! bang! went a rocket rushing from its tube with all that horrible spluttering, fizzing, hissing noise which is one of its special and peculiar terrors. Its long, screeching roar spread panic amongst a large number of wagon bullocks standing close by, who with heads down and tails up charged straight down for where my friend stood.

He was just able to escape by rushing behind some waggons where there happened to be a guard, mostly composed of old soldiers. One of these bronzed and decorated warriors seeing a stripling bolt in amongst them, and ignorant of the cause, said in a comforting, fatherly tone. "Never mind, sir, don't be afraid, you'll soon become accustomed to it."

The young officer, furious, pointed to the passing bullocks, and I am afraid used strong language to little purpose. He rejoined the bivouac abashed, possibly a wiser but certainly a more irritable man than he had quitted it. For days he brooded over the horrible thought that any private soldier should conceive he feared anybody or anything. Nor was it until about a fortnight afterwards when he took part in two storming parties in one day, that he again felt quite satisfied with himself, or could forgive the old soldier, whose kindly meant words made him wince as if tortured by the thumbscrew.

When, shortly afterwards, as I sat beside him I saw his natural strength and his youth fight as it were with death for his wounded body, he told me that of all the earthly delights he could imagine, all seemed tame in comparison with the ecstasy of charging at the head of a storming party.

One of the very pluckiest private soldiers I ever knew, was my young servant in the Crimea. The day before Sebastopol fell, he came to my bedside in the hospital, where I was at the time, to ask leave to rejoin his battalion. He had heard it was to be one of the two to lead the assault, and he said he could never in after life look any soldier in the face if he stayed in the rear. My heart went out to him as I told him to do as he wished.

THROUGH THE BREACH.

Two years afterwards, we were again hard at work in the field, fighting our way into Lucknow against great odds. Whenever there was any difficult or dangerous duty to be performed, young Andrews,—his name deserves to be recorded,—was always the first to spring forward. The example he set of daring courage was invaluable in a company composed of very young soldiers. In all trying moments, he was close behind his captain.

In the final assault that opened out communication with our besieged garrison, he was very severely wounded. Anxious to show the way to some men coming up with tools to break into the palace, he ran into a street swept by canister and by musketry fire.

He was at once shot down, and whilst in the arms of an officer who was taking him under cover, a second bullet, fired from a neighboring loophole, went through poor Andrews' body.

He lived for many years, always in more or less pain from this last wound, which never healed completely, and which eventually killed him. He was a Cockney, with the most amiable disposition.

His was a lion's heart, and he possessed in a curious degree all the fighting instincts of the bull-dog. He was many times offered promotion, but, like many I have known, he preferred the freedom and irresponsibility of the simple sentinel. Peace be to his ashes. If such heroes,—the nobility of nature,—have some splendid heaven of their own, he will there hold high rank, for no braver private soldier ever wore the queen's uniform.

To illustrate the conduct of young men in action, I venture to pursue for a little longer the events which occurred after Andrews' fell.

On that day every sort and condition of soldier fought as though he had been born an English gentleman. All knew well for what they were fighting; that within Lucknow a handful of gallant comrades, hard pressed for food, and by crowds of relentless enemies, were struggling with might and main to protect the lives of the many British families besieged there.

Sir Colin Campbell intended the companies that had stormed the "Mess House" to remain there for further orders. But the men were firmly impressed with the idea that this arrangement was made to favor a battalion of Highlanders that followed us. It was believed he desired his own countrymen to have the honor of actually opening our communication with the garrison inside.

The jealousy of Highland regiments was great whenever old Colin Campbell himself commanded, but at Lucknow the young soldiers who took the "Mess House" were determined, come what may, that no Highlanders should that day get in front of them. Hence much of the haste, and of the determined energy,—brooking no delay and bearing down all obstacles,—that was displayed by our leading companies as, refusing to stop, they pushed forward, resolved to be the first to join hands with their besieged comrades.

A rush was made for the great gate of the palace that seemed to separate us from our object.

Horror of horrors! it was built up with a great brick wall, and from the loopholes the enemy greeted us with a volley of musketry.

What was to be done? To get over a wall fifteen to eighteen feet high was impossible. We had no ladders, nor had we any powder bags to blow it down. To remain in front of the gate was to be shot from within. Fortunately there was no ditch, so we could reach the loopholes.

Who were to hold them? The sepoys inside or the British soldiers outside? We decided the question in our own favor, but many fell before that decision was given effect to.

A rattling fire was kept up through the loopholes to clear the gateway inside while our men worked like demons to break a hole through the wall. The captain in command went forward to search for an entrance he had been told of, but soon returned having found it also built up. Every loophole double manned, and a heavy fire kept up through them, whilst crowbar and pickaxe were plied by the strongest to widen the hole already made through the wall.

My friend said that what first attracted his notice as he hurried up, were the soles of his young subaltern's boots as he struggled through the hole head foremost. "That," said he, "was the most daring act I have ever seen man do."

The enemy swarmed inside, and it has always been inexplicable to me, how it was this young soldier did not have his head cut off the moment he pushed it inside that wall.

The hole was soon wide enough for others to follow, and so the palace and its spacious courtyards were quickly cleared of the enemy, a certain number of whom escaped by swimming the river under heavy fire. It was not long before we joined hands with our besieged comrades who made a sortie to meet us. Whilst a desultory fighting was maintained round the position, the memorable meeting between the two generals, Lord Clyde and Sir Henry Havelock, took place in the count-yard of the palace that was taken as I have endeavored to describe.—*Youth's Companion.*

"HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE."

(1571.)

BY JEAN INGELOW.

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslip yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head:
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath.
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the glassy sea
Came down that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pirates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and maine:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere you bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And roaring Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling banks amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

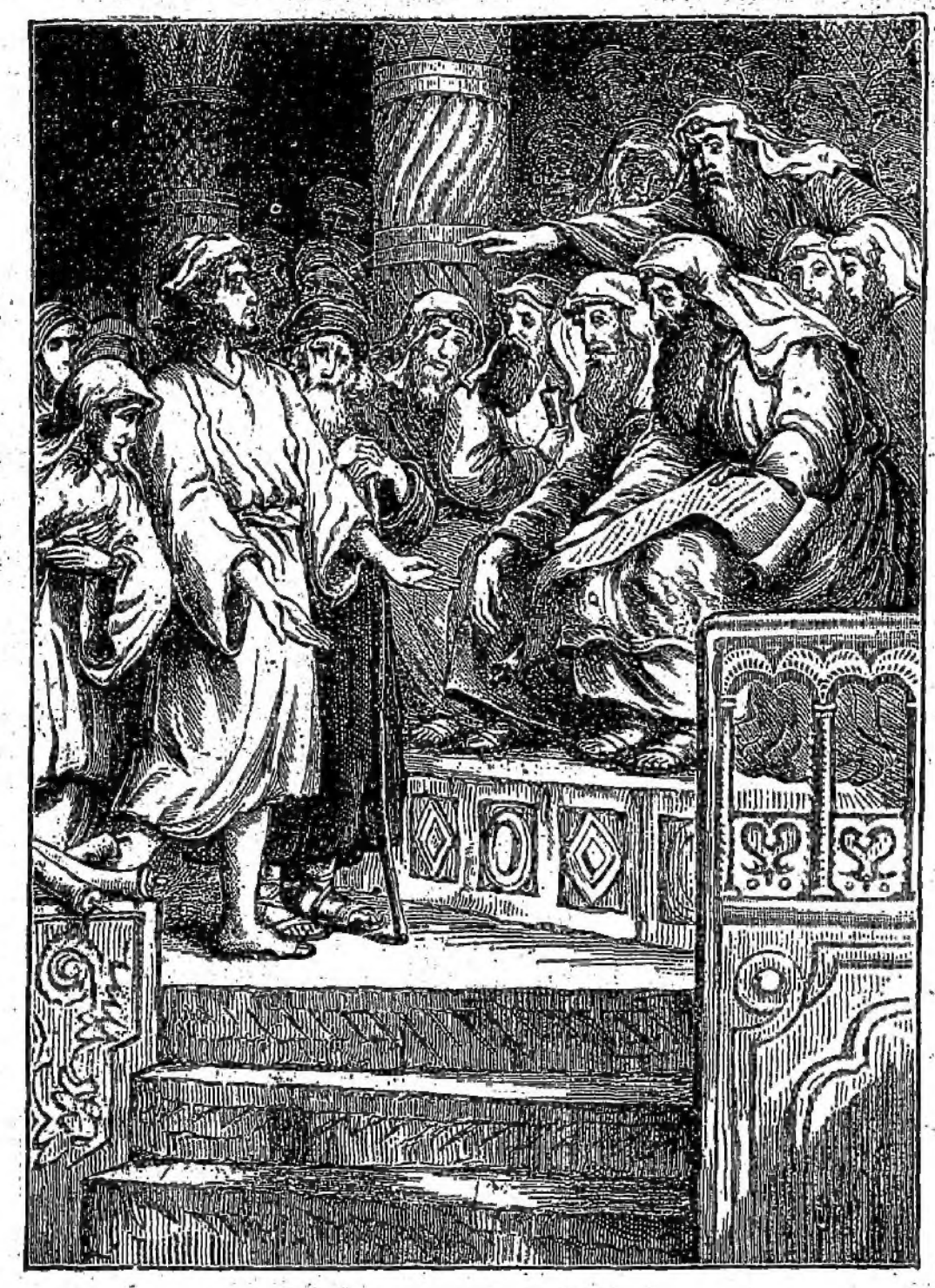
They rang the sailor lads to guilde
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith).
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the towne.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."



THE BLIND MAN'S QUESTION.

THE BLIND MAN'S QUESTION.

I once heard the Rev. W. O. Simpson, whom many of your fathers and mothers will remember as a minister whom everybody loved, give a very beautiful address to children on what he called "The Blind Man's Question." If you turn to the ninth chapter of John and the end of twenty-seventh verse, you will see what the question was: "Will ye also be his disciples?" The man was not blind when he asked it, but rejoicing in his newly-found sight. You have often read the story, I dare say, and remember how the Pharisees, instead of being glad to hear of this glorious cure, were quite vexed that Jesus had worked the miracle, and how even the parents of the poor man had not gratitude enough to confess the name of him who had opened their son's eyes. But the man who was healed could not be quiet, and said even before the Pharisees: "He is a Prophet:" and that he must be of God or he could not do such miracles.

But I want you boys and girls to give a little quiet thought to the blind man's question: "Will ye also be his disciples?" I don't think he at all expected that any of those proud men wished to be disciples of Jesus. The question was asked, I think, very sadly, as if he meant: "However many times I tell you of the wonderful cure, you will not join me and become his disciples."

But, dear children, you have often been asked this question in a very different tone, and you will be again. Do you know that hundreds of parents and Sunday-school teachers, and many others who love children will be praying that you may become his disciples. Perhaps some of your friends have done so. It may be that some whom you know declared themselves his disciples on this very Sunday last year, but you hung back. Now, will you not also be his disciples? I believe most children would really like to be good, even those who are most troublesome, and of whom their friends are least hopeful. I remember hearing a good man say how, when he was a very wild, naughty lad, all the time he wanted to be good; and one day when a minister reproved him for something that he had done, to the good man's great surprise the lad turned round and said: "Sir, I'd give my right hand to be a Christian." Now this feeling is the voice of the Good Spirit saying in your hearts; "Will ye also be his disciples?" and you must not stifle that Voice. When I see children who have been carefully taught about Jesus, and his claim on them and their service, turn coldly away, or, as I am sorry to say I have seen, sometimes even laugh at those who have spoken to them about their souls, I think,—don't you?—that they are very sadly like those Pharisees who "reviled" the man who said: "Will ye also be his disciples?"

Now I want you who are disciples of Jesus to take a lesson from this man. He was so grateful to his Saviour, that he did not care at all for the black looks and scornful words of those of whom even his parents were afraid. Haven't you sometimes been almost afraid to own your faith even to those who would be delighted and most thankful to hear you confess it—your parents and teachers? And have you ever tried to help your school-fellows and friends to become his disciples? Or have you held back for fear they should laugh at you? Do ask for grace, to "stand up for Jesus," to be brave and wise in winning disciples for him.

And you must seek for grace, too, to be true and steady followers of Jesus. You do not want to be like those disciples of whom we read in the sixth chapter of John and the sixty-sixth verse, that they "went back, and walked no more with him." Jesus says: "If ye continue in My Word, then are ye My disciples indeed;" and he has given us another beautiful rule by which his followers are known—shall we try to apply it for ourselves: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."—*Sunday Scholar's Treasury.*

WHY IS THE DRAM DRINKER'S NOSE RED?

Because his heart beats about thirteen times oftener in the minute than the heart of one who abstains. The arteries carry blood to the nose quicker than the veins carry it back. The blood, therefore, remains congested in the over-filled vessels, and the nose, and the face as well, becomes habitually red. When a dram drinker's nose meets a sudden current of cold air, it immediately turns purple, and so remains until warm air restores the red color. The red nose is caused by congestion, and it is a true sample of every organ in the body.

Sincerely Yours
Jean Ingelow

THE HOME OF JEAN INGELOW.

In the midst of the waste of fens and marshes of Lincolnshire, and washed by the waves of the North Sea, St. Botolph, a wise and pious Saxon monk, built a monastery to guide travellers across the dangerous and trackless marshes and to furnish them with comfortable habitation.

He besought King Ethelbert to give him a piece of land, unoccupied and unappropriated, in this dreary, naked spot, at a place called Yeanno. About the year 657 the good saint built his monastery, and spent his days in fasting and prayer, in entertaining travellers and in keeping alight the huge beacon which blazed forth in fiery splendor from the top of the tower, far over the sea. Forty miles across the country this beacon could be seen, "a marke bothe by sea and land for all the quarters thereabouts; to guide the ships that ryde upon the haven and upon the Mayne Sea which ys vi miles of Boston."

From the time when the Saxon saint established his monastery until the time of Elizabeth, Botolph's Towne or Boston was a place of great commercial importance.

The annual fair was one of the largest in England, and was resorted to by merchants from a great distance. An old writer tells us that "the great and chiefest part of the towne is on the este side of the Ryver, where there is a faire market-place and a crosse with a square toure." Here stalls were erected, and for several days the town was in great commotion and very gay with festivities and overflowing with strangers

The Hanseatic and Flemish merchants, the richest in the world, came to Botolph's town and established a guild. The Canon of Bridlington came here regularly, until 1224, to purchase wines, groceries and cloth for their monastery.

In wealth, Boston was second only to the great city of London, for in the time of John, when the Quinzieme or tax on one fifteenth part of land and goods was accounted for, Boston paid in £780, while London paid £836

At one of the annual fairs a party of jovial spirits, under the leadership of one Robert Chamberlain, "disguised themselves—one-half in the habyte of monks and the other half in suits of chanons"—and distributed themselves about the town. When the fair was at its height, and thronged with people, these men fired the town in three different places. It is said that so rich was the town that streams of gold and silver and other molten metals ran into the sea.

Boston was the ancestral home of the Cromwells, and during the intestine commotions that agitated the country was an important and strongly contested post. The King held possession of it at first and strongly garrisoned the town, but it was wrested from the royal hand in 1643, and from that time was one of the strongholds of the Parliamentary army, and was crowded with Cromwell's soldiers.

An old writer tells us, in a letter written to a friend, a little of the discipline of this army: "If any swear he forfeits his 12d; if one call another a Round-head he is cashiered; if he be drunk he is set in the stocks or worse; insomuch that the country where they come leaps for joy of them, and come and join with them."

In Elizabeth's time, Boston was almost ruined by the filling up of the river at the entrance, and from the want of sufficient marks to guide mariners over the treacherous Norman Deeps that formed the grave of many a gallant sailor.

In answer to the many urgent appeals of the people, Elizabeth at last took measures for remedying this evil and appointed the Mayor of Boston to be Admiral over the Deeps, and gave him power to lay duties of "lastage, balastage and anchorage."

One curious clause in this document appointing the Mayor to his new office, gives to that dignitary and the B rgesses all the "Chattels of felons and self-murderers, all wrecks, deodands and forfeited goods, and all manner of royal fish.". Among these last articles are mentioned "rigs and graspeacias," fish not known to the present generation.

From the time of the good Queen Bess, Boston has remained a prosperous and thriving but comparatively quiet town; though the weekly market brings considerable life and interest in its train.

Dreadful disasters overtook all this portion of the country when the sea-walls broke, and the ocean swept over the country. Violent tempests of wind and rain spread destruction on sea and land. Hollingshead, in his chronicles, tells us of ships driven over the tops of houses; of sailors, men, women and children clinging to roofs and tree tops. On the coast of Boston alone three-score vessels were lost; whole towns were destroyed "to the utter undoing of manye a man and great lamentation of old and young."

On these occasions of calamity the great bell of the Boston church pealed forth a solemn note of warning to the country around, and "The Brides of Enderby" sounded over land and sea, striking terror into the hearts of all the country people.

In her poem "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," Jean Ingelow tells the story of the dreadful floods of 1571, and refers to the custom of sounding the alarm.

A somewhat pathetic story of this same flood is given by a writer of that time. He says that there were lost 1,100 sheep belonging to one man, "whose shepherde about midday comming home to his wife asked his dinner, and shee being more bolde than mannerly, said he should have none of hyr; then she chanced to look toward the marshes where the sheep were, and sawe the water breake in so fiercely that the sheepe would be lost if they were not brought from thence, sayd that he was not a good shepherde, that would not venture his life for his sheepe. So he went straight to drive them from hence; both he and his sheepe were drowned, and after the water was gone he was found dead standing upright in a ditch."

The old monastery was burned by the Danes, who, in their invasion, pillaged the country and murdered all the inhabitants, save one man; but it has since been rebuilt.

The name of one Maude Tilney has come down to us as having laid with her own hands the first stone of the great steeple, which is one of the finest examples of perpendicular architecture and the largest church without aisles in England. The square tower is 300 feet high. No beacon casts its light from the lantern now, but the tower itself can be seen from many miles away.

There are some curious statistics in regard to the church that are quite interesting. There are 365 steps to the top of the tower, one for each day in the year; there are 52 windows, corresponding to the weeks in the year. The twelve months are represented by the twelve huge pillars which support the roof, while for the number of days in a week there are seven entrance doors. The interior of this interesting building is very elaborate with rich carving; the most attractive as well as the most peculiar objects of attention being the Miserere Seats, or the priests' stalls in the choir. There were originally over a hundred of these seats, but there are at present, I believe, only sixty-three.

The stalls have richly carved canopies, but the seats lift on hinges. One illustration shows a small shelf placed on the front edge, underneath the seat and at right angles to it. When the monks were attending service they were not allowed to sit upon the seat itself for fear they would prove so comfortable that they, worn out by their constant vigils, would sleep during service; but they were obliged to turn them up and rest upon this little ledge. As this shelf or ledge was only a few inches in size it formed a very uncomfortable seat, and the poor priests had to support themselves as best they could in an almost standing position, resting their elbows upon the high arms of the stalls. Here for hours they stood, afraid to move, for the least motion would cause the seat to fall with a loud noise and attract the attention of all present.

The carving underneath these shelves is of very fine workmanship, and was done entirely by the monks, and by hand. The subjects are decidedly unique, and though meant for the adornment of a sacred edifice, only one of them represents a religious subject. The others are all grotesque, and illustrate old fables and sayings.

One is a representation of the fox and geese, another of a horse that bears a strange resemblance to an elephant passing through the castle gate, while the portcullis is just descending and cutting him in two, Still others show the asses playing the organ and pipes, a schoolmaster bestowing punishment upon a struggling pupil who is laid over his knee, an angry housewife quarrelling with her husband, and many others, all decidedly fanciful in conception and true in execution.

In this city, "hard on the reedy Lindes," in the low, flat country; in the midst of marshes that make sad-eyed men and women of its people; in this old town, so full of antiquities, and under the very shadow of the great tower of the church that loomed ever above her, Jean Ingelow was born in 1830.

It is remarkable that so little is known of the private life of this great and noble woman; but it is indeed true. Of her parents we know that her father was a banker in good circumstances, and a man of high intellectual attainments; her mother of Scotch descent, and the worthy parent of so eminent a daughter.

It is worthy of note that Jean Ingelow was born in the same country as the poet Tennyson, and that while this great man has perhaps passed the zenith of his glory, her star is still ascending, and she bids fair

ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH.

to be the greatest woman poet o her age. Jean was one of eleven children, and was from her earliest days a quiet, timid child; retiring always from the gay frolics of the children to sit in some sequestered spot and dream dreams. She was born a poet, and her early life was such that her fancies and imagination were aroused. Her natural ability was developed by careful culture, and thinking much and speaking little, her years passed away.

She was not at all a precocious child, but had a retentive memory and a calm, well-balanced mind, capable of deep thought and profound meditation.

Until 1863, her life was quiet and uneventful, even prosaic in its absolute peacefulness. She gazed upon the great church tower, she watched the ebb and flow of the tide, and ever in her ears the waves whispered thoughts to be afterward produced in forms that should move the world. She studied and thought, and finally gave the result of it all to the world in her first volume of poems.

This, her first publication, secured her instant recognition as a poet of high rank. It became popular at once, and Jean Ingelow found herself famous. The London papers gave flattering notices of her productions, and the sale of her works, both in this country and in England, was marvellous. In America alone her various poems have reached the unprecedented sale of over 100,000 copies, and her combined prose writings, comprising "Studies for Stories," "Stories Told to a Child," and "A Sister's Bye-House," over half that number.

Everything is interesting in the life of a talented woman, but Jean Ingelow still shrinks from notoriety, wishing, as she says herself, "to be known only as a name." She resides in London with her mother in a quiet street, where all the houses are gay with window boxes, full of flowers, and devotes a great part of her time to charitable work among the London poor.

Three times a week she gives what she calls a "Copyright Dinner" to the sick poor; those just out of the hospital and unable to work.

Concerning this work of hers she says: "We have about twelve to dinner three times a week, and hope to continue the plan. It is such comfort to see the good it does. I find one of the greatest pleasures of writing, that it gives me more command of money for such purposes than falls to the lot of most women. I call this 'a copyright dinner.' We generally have six children as well as the grown-up people each time, and it is quite pleasant to see how the good food improves their health. We only have this dinner three times a week, and let each person dine six or nine times as it seems desirable."

Those who wish to become more intimately acquainted with the poet must find for themselves her image reflected in her words. The *Saturday Review*, of London, said of her early writings: "The most cynical readers will allow that Miss Ingelow is a very clever young lady with a great talent for writing verses. More enthusiastic critics may go so far as to assert that she is the 'coming woman' of the realms of rhyme."

How can I better close this little sketch than in the words of a writer who pays a beautiful tribute to the great talent and beautiful character of Jean Ingelow. He says: "It is her own loving heart which seeks to guide the clouded intellect to a comprehension of the right, and patiently labors to give amusement and instruction for the lonely hours which are brightened by no intellectual life. It is the deep sorrow of the heart over the loss of the brother who sleeps in his inland home beneath the Australian sward, which lends its power to the last of the Songs of Preludes. It is the sound of a woman singing her own joys and sorrows which speaks from the Songs of Seven. It is her wonderful ear and lyric facility, it is her eye for the beauty and significance nature, which are seen in the first verses of her poems, and are skilfully interwoven through the whole. It is her tender pathos, her deep religious feeling, which pervades the whole structure of her poems, and which show the woman of large brain and deep heart, of wide sympathies and exquisite sensibilities."—*Beatrice Presswood, in The "Woman" Magazine.*

THE HOUSEHOLD

THE CHILDREN OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

TEACHING THEM THE CARE OF CHAMBERS AND CLOTHING.

"Be sure and shut the closet doors before you stir the beds," was the charge our mother called after us when she heard the warped back stairs creaking under our loitering steps as we were sent to put in order the chambers of the wide old farmhouse that was our childhood's home. A full quarter of a century has swung past since then, and we now are trying to teach our own little girls the wise counsels we sometimes so unwillingly heard from our mother. If every housekeeper would insist that the occupants of her sleeping apartments,—children, help, boarders and visitors,—should air their beds and throw open windows each morning before leaving their room, unless beating storms made this impracticable, we should have less ailments of lung and liver and nerves in our midst. To breathe, night after night, unclean, vitiated air is enough to poison and disease the soundest lungs and undermine the strongest constitution created.

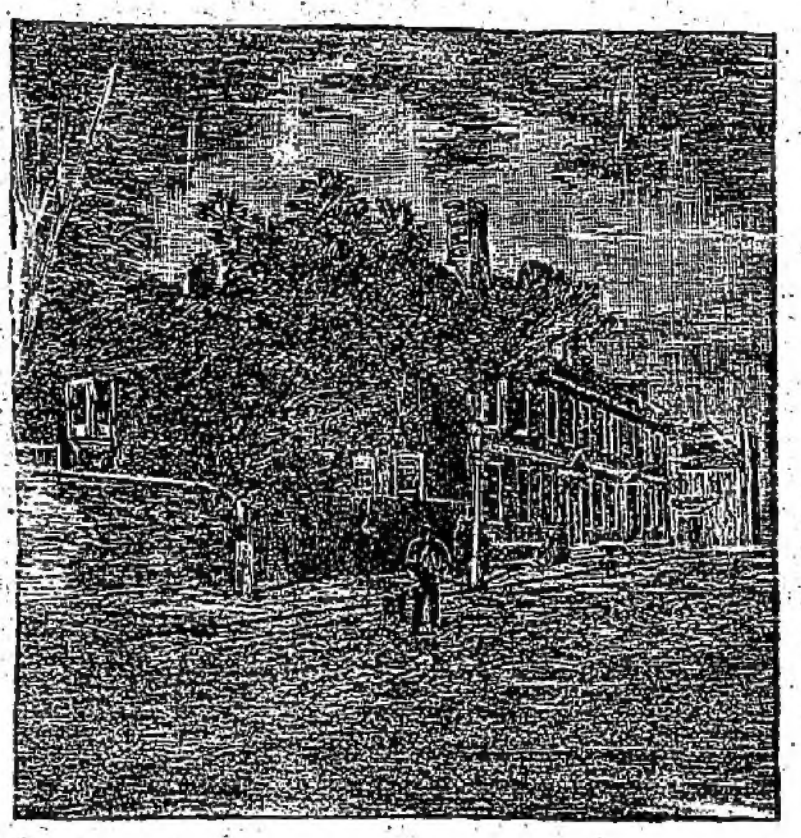
Children, unless weakened and undone by unwise corseting, love pure, bracing air, and we find it easy to teach them to toss back blankets and quilts after rising and to remember to throw open the windows of their chamber; but it is not so easy for an adult, who has lived and slept in a heated atmosphere heavy with impurities till he shrinks and shivers in currents of fresh, breezy air waves, to adopt the rules or requests of the house.

When a housewife has a set of farmhands or workpeople to board, to make sure of well-ventilated chambers it is generally necessary o go through the sleeping rooms each morning as soon as the help is out, airing beds and closets and opening windows.

But teach your girls to close all closet and chamber doors before commencing to make beds and to put rooms in order, else dust and lint will puff and settle over garments in closets and needlessly litter hallways and landings. Maybe half their wardrobe is not neatly hanging in smooth, well-shaken folds on their hooks, but is lying in tumbled heaps on the closet floor, crushed under shelves along with blacking brushes and lather lipped shaving mugs, or scattered about the chamber, rumpled, dusty, creased, hopelessly injured with their slovenly care.

And other wardrobes than those of the men folks quickly grow shabby because of shiftless care taking. We have seen dainty suits, the work of painstaking loving mother hands, grimed with dust and crumpled with wear and their last toss and flop on to chair back or foot-board, their pretty ruffles and plaits spoiled with careless crushing. We have seen elegant wraps and velvet and lace-trimmed garments swinging "right side out," on a closet hook or on a jagged headed nail in the chamber wall, caught at some point of the rich drapery when heedlessly flung hook-ward, a muddy gossamer brushing their clinging folds, and carefully laid plaits and delicate ruchings ruined with their deep creasings and gray siftings of dust and lint. Nowhere does slovenliness so quickly tell of itself as in the shabby wrinkles and crumpled folds and drapery of a lady's wardrobe. Our little girls and boys should early be taught habits of neatness and method, that they may not be left to form such undesirable traits of character. It is easier for a child of seven than one of seventeen to learn to take proper care of her clothing. Our little daughters of six and seven years can readily learn to keep their corner of mamma's closet in nicest order.

With careful and constant example and now and then a warm word of approval these little home makers of the next generation soon take healthy pride in keeping their dainty dresses and wraps neatly shaken out, turned on their linings and carefully hung or folded away from clinging lint and sifting dust. Give them pretty boxes for their prized, lace-trimmed aprons and dainty collars and bonnets; an elaborately embroidered shoe bag for the smart little button boots and leggings, and these little folks soon learn to delight in keeping their corner of mamma's wardrobe in neatest order.—*Good Housekeeping.*



HOME OF JEAN INGELOW.

SAVE YOUR FEET.

We should make it our aim to lighten our daily toil in every way possible—doing all things well. All the work possible should be done in a sitting posture. Save your feet. The high stool cannot be praised or recommended too highly for this purpose. I have the pleasure of being the possessor of one, a present from my husband. Furniture and cooking utensils should be light but strong. Chairs with perforated seats are an improvement on the solid ones, and granite iron ware ahead of all other ware. Make the best of everything, and be happy while you may.—*Household.*

RECIPES

RICE GEMS.—One cup of boiled rice, one egg, one cup of milk, one cup of flour and a little salt. Bake in hot gem pans well buttered.

OMELET.—Take three eggs and beat the yolks lightly, add three tablespoonfuls of milk to each egg, a little salt and pepper. Bake in a hot, buttered pan; when done, beat the whites to a stiff froth and spread over the omelet, and brown in the oven.

BAKED POTATOES.—Cut a pint of cold potatoes into dice, put them in a pudding-dish with a little salt and pepper, one tablespoon of butter and one egg, with teaspoonful of flour beaten in. Cover with fresh milk, and bake until brown and stiff like cottage pudding.

WAFFLES.—Four eggs beaten separately, one pint of flour, one teaspoon of baking-powder and a little salt. Beat the yolks and one tablespoon of melted butter with one and a half cups of milk, then add the flour, and lastly the whites. Bake on well greased waffle-irons.

SODA CAKE.—One pound of flour, one-half pound of currants, one-fourth pound of raisins, one-fourth pound of butter, six ounces sugar, two ounces orange peel, two ounces almonds, one teaspoonful carbonate of soda, flavor with essence of lemon; add milk enough to make cake rather stiff, and put in one-half a nutmeg.

MARBLE CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—One cup of sugar, three spoonfuls of butter, half a cup of cold water, two eggs, two cups of flour and two spoonfuls of baking powder; divide the mixture, and put half a cup of grated chocolate into one half of it. Put some of the plain into the mould first, then the chocolate, and so on until it is all used. Steam one hour. To be eaten with fruit sauce.

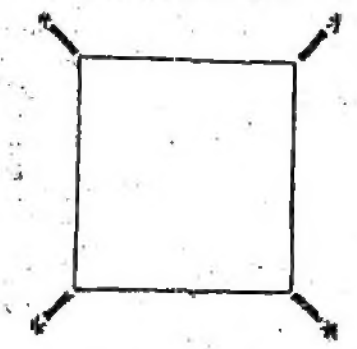
HOMINY CAKES.—Two tablespoonfuls of fine hominy, half teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of butter, and half a cup of boiling water. Set this on the back of stove until the hominy absorbs the water. Pour one cup of boiling milk on one cup of corn-meal, and two tablespoons of sugar and the hominy. When cool, add two eggs and one heaping teaspoon of baking-powder. Bake in hot buttered gem pans twenty minutes.

DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE.—One quarter pound of butter; rub with it two teaspoons flour. When well mixed put into a saucepan with one-half pint of water; cover it and set the saucepan into a larger one of boiling water. Shake it constantly till completely melted and beginning to boil. Season with salt and pepper. A sliced boiled egg may be added at pleasure, and is nice when served with fish.

YELLOW CORN MEAL MUFFINS.—These are the ingredients needed for a dozen and a half of muffins: A generous half pint of yellow granulated corn meal, three gills of sifted flour, a scant pint of milk; two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful and a half of baking-powder, and two eggs. Mix all the dry ingredients and rub through a sieve and into a bowl. Melt the butter in a hot cup. Beat the eggs till light. Add the milk to them and turn this mixture into the bowl containing the dry ingredients. Add the melted butter, and beat quickly and vigorously. Pour into buttered muffin pans and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Should a larger proportion of meal be liked, half a pint of flour and three gills of meal may be used.

PUZZLES.—NO. 1.

THE SQUARE FIELD.



There was once a square field with a tree at each corner, as shown in the diagram. The man who owned the field wanted to make it as large again; but he wished it still to be square, and the trees to be on the outside. At last he contrived to add the quantity of land required, and still preserved its square shape, and his trees on the outside, without moving them. How did he do it?

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

1. I had one million units. 2. Put that big pan there. 3. Is Isaac at the mill? 4. William, are you hungry? 5. He dug oats out of the barrel. 6. We went as soon as possible. 7. The monk cyed him sharply. 8. I see that he is naked. 9. Plane those boards for me. 10. I saw on the hill a mad dog. 11. It is hotter than usual. 12. What is that man drilling? 13. I came into yesterday. 14. I gave the mocha moisture. 15. Ahab is on his throne. 16. The breeze brawled all night. 17. He speaks bad German.

ROBERT A. VIRTUE.

AN ALPHABETICAL ACROSTIC.

All mortal men that live must surely die,
But how, or when, is hid from human eye;
Consider then thy few uncertain days,
Delay no longer to amend thy ways;
Engage thy heart to serve the Lord in love,
For all his ways the ways of comfort prove;
Grant to thyself no time for vain delight,
Hate all that's wrong and love to do what's right.
In all thou ever dost act in God's fear;
Keep thoughts of death and judgment ever near;
Learn to avoid what thou believ'st is sin;
Mind what reproves or justifies within.
No act is good which doth disturb thy peace,
Or can be bad that makes true joy increase.
Prevent the loss of time; be timely wise;
Quench not the spirit, all his teaching prize,
Rely alone upon that power that can
Subdue the pride and haughty looks of man.
This heavenly power is that which sanctifies
Unto the Lord the heart that's truly wise.
Wait for it, then; in it such wisdom is,
Xenophon's wisdom folly was to this;
Yea this, if 'tis obeyed, will give the youth
Zeal for the Lord, and lead unto all truth.

CHARLES ARTHUR MACK.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 26.

CHRISTMAS ANAGRAM.—Star of Bethlehem.

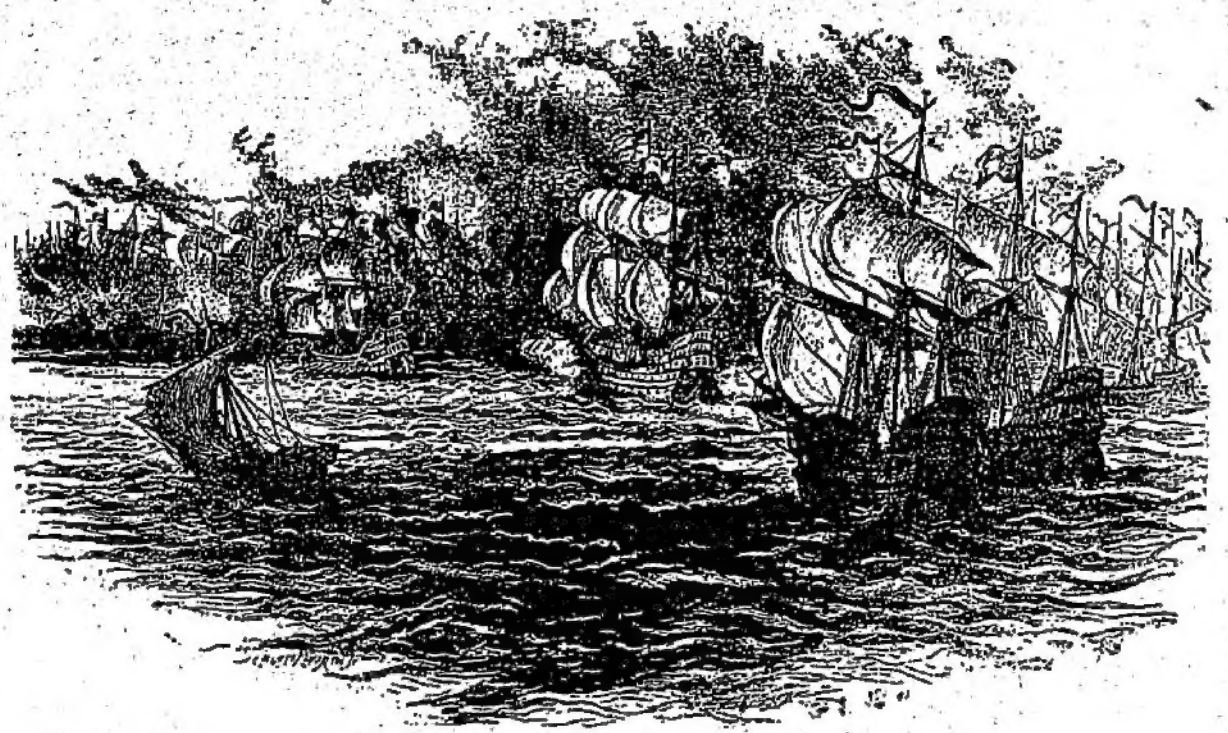
DOUBLE ACROSTIC—

J U L I A N
A D V I C E
N A R R O W
U N E A S Y
A V E N G E
R E T I N A
Y O N D E R

HIDDEN HEATHEN DEITIES.—1. Achilles. 2. Ate. 3. Bellona. 4. Bolus. 5. Anacreon. 6. Diana. 7. Erato. 8. Erebus. 9. Eris. 10. Enterpe. 11. Fides. 12. Flora. 13. Gorgons. 14. Hebe. 15. Helena. 16. Hero. 17. Leander. 18. Hylas. 19. Ino. 20. Io. 21. Irene. 22. Tithe. 23. Venus. 24. Minerva. 25. Palea. 26. Pan. 27. Perseus. 28. Solon. 29. Vesta. 30. Mars. 31. Minthe. 32. Nestor.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

(By Orona Temple in Sunday at Home.)



ENGLISH FLEET IN PURSUIT OF ARMADA.

CHAPTER V.

It was not only Robert Bulteel who watched with flashing eyes and bated breath the lessening line of white water that lay between the Spaniards and their pursuers. Effingham, dressed daintily as a man might dress for courtly service, stood on his good ship's towering poop, searching that sorried "half moon" for the noblest game at which to strike.

His glance happened to fall on Robert Bulteel. He had already learned something of his worth, and reckoned him true metal. To him he said, "There must be no grappling-irons used with such fellows as these. The enemy has an army on board; we have none. We must fight and fly, and turn and fight again; our strength lies in our heels to-day, eh, Bulteel?"

And Robert replied grimly, "Our heels have good cock's spurs thereon, my lord. Let them feel the sting of them as soon as may rightly be."

A signal ran up to the peak of the Admiral's ship, and presently a galley, with all sail set, and urged forward also by oars pulled with a will, shot in advance of the English line and discharged her cannon at the huge "San Matteo," the bulkiest and gaudiest of the Spanish rear-guard

A hoarse cheer rang out from English throats as the sound of the guns trembled and died on the air. But there was little time henceforth for cheering, or little silence in which cheering might be heard; the iron mouths had it all their own way, and the thunder of the cannon roared and rolled, and the soft smoke clouds rose and rioted, until the sweet peace of the summer Sabbath was turned into horror of darkness and death.

The galley which had the honor of leading the attack, was called the "Defiance," a suitable name for her work that day. It was strange to see a thing so small fling itself forward against such odds; the Duke of Medina, commanding the Spaniards, scarcely thought it worth his while to point his ordinance at so insignificant a foe.

But he soon found that his guns, point them as deftly as he might, were almost fired in vain, for the lofty hulls and huge "castles" of the foreign ships carried their guns so far above the water-line that the shots, in spite of all the gunners' efforts, went clear over the English ships; while every discharge of Effingham's cannon sent their iron messengers crashing through the gilded timbers of those unwieldly galleons.

And still, before the brisk south-west breeze, the battle swept on. Still the great vessels crowded sail, and pressed upon their course. And still behind them hurried the "Ark-Raleigh" and her scanty fleet of consorts, handled deftly by all the daring of Drake and the courage of Frobisher; and by that of many scores of other gallant souls, who were as ready as they to dare and to die for the sake of England's queen and England's faith.

From Dartmouth and Brixham, from Weymouth and the Solent, from Portsmouth and the Sussex fishing-towns, small ships and trading coasters ran out to join in this huge chase.

Surely never before on the broad seas had *such a sight* been seen. It was the hawks harrying the eagles, the dog-fish pursuing the sharks!

For four and twenty hours the south wind held, and the Spanish vessels, still disdainful of their adversaries, still reckoning on joining the forces of the Duke of Parma, went slowly on their way; and behind them came the English, hovering in their rear, and using with sharp effect the "spurs" of which Robert had talked.

Just as the night had fallen on that 22nd of June, Dan Lavin's sloop made good her way to the side of the "Ark-Raleigh," and placed herself under the Lord Admiral's orders.

"Our teeth are not, so to speak, too sharp," shrieked Lavin, his words but half-heard through the rush of the sea (the guns were silent a while, now that the dusk made cannonading dangerous to friends as well as foes). "We cannot bite very deep, but we have pitch-pine on board, and tar that will blaze fathoms high! Set the old sloop, the "Saucy Susan," a-fire, my lord, an' it *please you!* She'll be *torchlight for the* others to dance by at the least."

Dan Lavin was just an Exmouth merchant; the sum total of his worldly gear was easily reckoned; a small huckster's shop, and that same sloop the "Saucy Susan," constituted the greater part; but he was in downright earnest as he hallooed out, "Set her a-fire, an' it please you, my lord!"

It was that spirit of self-sacrifice, of willing and heart-whole surrender that went farther than winds or waves to save old England just then.

Once the Duke of Medina turned round on his pursuers and showed determined fight. The wind changed, favoring his plan of driving Effingham on to the lee shore; and he signalled his captains to take the wind of the English and once and for ever rid themselves of the ships that hung like a cloud of wasps upon their rear.

An easy order to give; a difficult thing to do.

Such seamen as Sir Francis Drake were not to be out-manœuvred; and that affair ended in the capture of the treasure-galleon, "a huge ship of Biscay," which, with her commander Don Pedro de Valdez, was sent by Drake a prize to Weymouth.

At this distance of time, when we know the end so well, it is difficult fully to understand the excitement that filled the land whilst this long sea-fight went on. The first shot was fired on the 22nd of July, it was not until the 1st of August that the struggle was over, and the beaten Armada, the word "invincible" resting on it now as a scorn and derision, made its weary way into the North Sea. Nine days of wild excitement! nine days of terrible danger!

It was no wonder that Doris grew white and sick when she waited, as did many another maiden, woman, wife or mother, for such news as might come. The thunder of the cannonade had long died away, the chase had swept on towards the narrow seas; but the great treasure-galleon which had been sent to Weymouth, gave ample room for talk. She had been set on fire by her own crew; and Drake, when he captured her and extinguished the flames, found more than fifty wounded men in her, pitifully maimed and scorched.

An awful thing it was to see these wretched beings, so those who came from Weymouth reported; but enemies as they were they had to be tended and succored—the heretics they came to despoil being of wider charity than their friends who had left them to perish miserably.

Doris listened to these tales, and to others quite as terrible, and she shuddered to remember that it was against such men that Robert had gone with his life in his hand. And Earle, the young lad Earle?

Her father was very gentle to her in those days. He never seemed to notice the querulous tone that had come into her voice of late, or the nervous way she had of starting at any sudden step or sound. Himself a suffering invalid, he had learned to feel for the suffering of others, though his was bodily and Doris's was mental pain, and some folks fail to see any bond between the two.

He did not fret about Earle. His life had shown him how powerlessly we lie in the hands of the Ruler of the world. Men may plot and plan, and spend their very souls in striving to ward off danger and to gather good, but the Judge of all things does what seems to him best and men's hopes and fears vanish like the smoke of a parched scroll at the breath of his decree. Thomas Clatworthy, through sore sorrow and wrenching pain, had learned this truth, And he was not only content but humbly thankful to lie still in hands which were loving as well as great.

To these hands he could trust his boy.

The house was dreary now that Earle had gone; one missed his foot upon the stair, and the sound of his laughter through the old rooms. There was his last half-finished work, a decoy-cage he had been busy with, standing amid chips and scraps of wire upon the little bench.

He had suddenly left his boyhood behind him and had gone out with men to bear the brunt of the battle. And such a battle!

"May the God of his fathers bless the lad," sighed Clatworthy, "and hold him safe for life—and for more than life; that he also may know that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

Some such words Doris overheard, and she moved uneasily; she could scarcely bear the sound of the muttered prayer; it jarred on her nerves like a blow. She did not know the calm comfort that such confidence can bring; but keeping her eyes low down on her earthly love, she beat against her "fate," as Earle's captured and caged wild birds might beat against the bars.

She went out restlessly one morning into the fragrant airs that come early from the sea across the fields where the clover nestles amongst the stalks of corn. In the year 1588 maidens rose betimes, and Doris was a notable housekeeper. Already she had set the serving-woman to her day's task, and had weighed and measured the day's stores; already she had been busy with sundry cooking contrivances to tempt her father's appetite; and had turned the camomile flowers which were drying in the still room, and filtered the "tisane" which Dame Townshend, a sick neighbor, was to profit by. Already she had fed her chickens, and gathered the eggs from the hen-house; yet, it was early enough to see the grass all diamonded with dew, and the rays of the sun yet shining bright upon the eastern waves.

Poor little motherless Doris! Very lonely she felt at that hour now that her morning duties were over, and it was not yet time to go to her father's bedside to spell through a Psalm to him as was her daily custom. Doris was no scholar, and "the reading" was more of a toil than anything else; but she loved her father dearly, in spite of her occasional waywardness, and to do anything to please him was almost always a pleasure to herself in the end. How he suffered—that patient kind-voiced father—and how he had suffered in those terrible days before Doris was born, when the old house on the hill had been desolated by cruel men working the devil's work in the Name of Christ.

The girl thought of those times as she stood there, watching as she so often watched that pathway through the rye.

(To be Continued.)

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Once more the billows breasted, once more a voyage o'er;
How near may be the haven, how close may be the shore!
My soul, consult the reckoning, and look upon the chart,
And ere the Old Year dieth, take counsel with thy heart.

'Tis sad, the looking backward; and yet 'tis glorious too
How skilful was our Pilot—what straits he brought us through;
A peaceful voyage had it been, though storms might seem to 'whelm,
If only we had trusted Him who never left the helm!

If only we had trusted him! sole guerdon that He sought:
Nor questioned of the course He took, when waves tempestuous wrought;
If only we had trusted him, upon the ocean lone,
One-half the sorrow of the way we never need have known.

As if he could forsake the souls for whom his blood was shed!
As if He could forget their cry in hours of pain and dread!
He sends us on a lonely path—He suffers angry skies,
And listens then in hope to hear one trusting word arise.

For trust is love, and love is trust, and when the heart is won,
The need for many a bitter grief, for many a stroke, is done—
Oh, hast thou learned thus much, my soul, since this old year was born?
Then hang thy brightest colors forth to greet the New Year's morn!

The flag of Hope! now cast it out to flutter from the mast!
Let Faith her pennon fair unfold, we'll wave it to the last!
Without a fear for sea or sky, we'll trust the Pilot's hand,
For sure the course, and safe the bark, that yields to Christ's command.

Then forth once more with courage fresh, as chime the New Year bells,
He may have come ere once again that midnight echo swells;
Or we may rest, our voyage o'er, beside the crystal sea,
Beyond the tossing waves of time—for aye with him to be!

—*The Christian.*

DAN LAVIN AND HIS SLOOP.

THE OLD FAMILY PAPER.

BY ALICE A. BARBER.

A mining-camp in the West, which one it does not matter, for there are a hundred others very like this one. It seemed given over to the powers of evil. There was no school, and no minister of the gospel had ever set his foot in the camp; it was doubtful if the voice of prayer had ever been heard. Sunday was a day set apart for extra fighting and drinking. There was not one temperance man in the place. Wait. A little farther up the mountain-side one miner lived alone. He was unlike all the other miners. He never drank when he came into camp; in short, he had no part in all the wickedness of the place. He was held in no little awe by the other campers, for he was the best shot in the place, and several quarrelsome fellows knew by experience that his powerful arm was a trained arm as well. That was why he was known in the camp as "The Justice of the Peace." The camp suddenly became more quiet as the "Justice's" tall figure towered above the crowd as they waited for their mail.

One Saturday afternoon the stage-driver left an unusually large mail at the camp. Most of it proved to be for the Justice. He sat down on a log and read his letters and examined several bundles of newspapers. The campers looked on and wondered what would come next. That number of papers never had been seen at the camp before at any one time. Just as the sun was sinking out of sight the Justice gathered up his papers, and then, standing on the log, placed one hand to his mouth and gave a call painfully like an Indian war-whoop. The campers crowded around. They knew the Justice was about to make a speech.

He began: "Ladies and gentlemen, them that don't keep still and listen to what I have to say must remember that I will settle with 'em as soon as I have time. Seeing that we didn't have no extra amount of good reading in this camp, I wrote to some friends back in God's country and asked 'em to send me some of their second-hand papers. Here they are, and they ha'n't been read till the ink is faded yet. Anybody as has any choice better speak out." And the Justice held up a *Congregationalist*, a *Christian Advocate*, a *Herald* and *Presbyter*, an *Examiner* and *Chronicle* and several other papers.

"There's an *Advocate*. That's my paper; we took that to home!" cried an old miner who was noted for abilities of various kinds. He retired to a neighboring rock, taking his *Advocate* with him. He did not get drunk that night nor the next day, nor the next.

"Got an *American Messenger?* We always took that," said a woman's voice.

"Yes, lots of *Messengers*," and the Justice passed one over. "Who else took the *American Messenger*. Whose mother took it?"

There was a fight about to begin on the edge of the crowd; but the disputants paused and both held up their hands for a *Messenger*. The home paper settled it.

"My wife wants a *Herald and Presbyter*; her folks always took it," said some one else.

Darkness had come on before every camper had received the old home paper and gone away to find a light whereby to read. The Justice walked through the camp. He paused in front of one saloon. Several men were gathered there reading religious papers. The proprietor leaned on the bar reading the *Child's Paper*. The picture on the front page was like his little boy who, in beauty and innocence, went to sleep under Eastern violets. In another saloon the gaily colored picture "Apples of Gold" was nailed up behind the bar. The Justice passed before another drinking-place and watched while a motto, covering nearly a page of a large paper, was tacked to the wall. He read:

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Then the Justice went out into the darkness of that mountain-side, knelt down, and asked God to make those second-hand papers a lasting good to that mining-camp.

There are tons of good papers lying mouldy and dusty in Eastern homes that might be the means, under God, of saving many a Western town if they could be sent to needy places. Find out where they are most needed. Send them regularly. God's blessing will go with your papers and it will remain with you.—*American Messenger.*

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

Orders for this picture are coming in at the rate of between two and three hundred daily. It is much appreciated by those who have received it. One would be an ornament to every house. Subscribers of the *Messenger* can get a copy by sending 25 cents to the publishers of this paper, in addition to their subscription. If your subscription has already been sent, and you want the picture send 25 cents for the picture and it will be forwarded to you.

ALL CANADA'S SCHOOLS

ARE INVITED TO JOIN IN A NATIONAL COMPETITION.

Stories of adventure, tales of success through greatest obstacles, of gallant endeavors which have resulted in failure equally honorable abound in this country. Farms and fortunes were not hewn out of the Canadian forests without the exercise of a heroism which must command attention and admiration wherever known. The old men and women who are telling these stories now to their children and grand-children are rapidly passing away; even their sons and daughters will soon leave us. No good Canadian story should be allowed to pass into oblivion. There are hundreds of them of sufficient interest to light the fire of genius. The *Witness* wants to gather them. It is not going to ask the old men and women who were actors in these scenes for them. No one who becomes a hero by simply doing his duty, knows he has done anything out of the way. *Besides these people are too modest to* write to the newspapers about what they have done, and many of their sons in the prime of life have been too busy. The flame of Canadian patriotism naturally burns brighter as a purely Canadian generation arises to take the place of those who called another land home. We therefore set the task of recounting their country's glories and collecting the material for her history and poetry to the young people of the schools. It will do them good to dwell on the courage, the self-denial and the devotion manifested by those who turned this Canada of ours from an unbroken forest into the fair cultivated land that it is. They will be taught a lesson of thankfulness that they now enjoy what has been earned with so much pain and labor. Their youthful energies, also, will stimulate the older ones to greater thought and efforts of remembrance than they would expect without this incentive. It is not necessary that the events recorded should be of the heroic order. Any good story, whether of trouble or of fun; any good description of pioneer life and surroundings, may be the groundwork of the tale which is to take the prize. We ask a careful perusal by every one who receives this paper of the plan here proposed.

There are in Canada and Newfoundland counties as follows:—New Brunswick, 15; Prince Edward Island, 3; Nova Scotia, 18; Quebec, 60; Ontario (with districts), 48; Manitoba, 26; British Columbia (electoral divisions), 5; and counted as one, each, Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Keewatin, 4, and Newfoundland 2—180. There are also the cities of Charlottetown, St. John's (Nfld.), Hamilton, Kingston, London, Ottawa, Toronto, Brantford, St. Catharines, Belleville, Guelph, Montreal, Hull, Sherbrooke (town and city), Quebec, Three Rivers, St. Hyacinthe, Halifax, St. John, Portland, Fredericton, Winnipeg, and Victoria, 23, making a grand total of 204.

We offer to the school children of each county or city mentioned, as a prize, "Macaulay's History of England," in five volumes, strongly and neatly bound in cloth, for the best true story of adventure or tale descriptive of pioneer life, the scene of which is laid in the county or city in which the narrator resides. Thus if all the counties compete, 204 copies of Macaulay's "History of England" will be given as prizes for the best tales of as many divisions of the country, as specified below.

But this is not all. The 204 stories which have won what we, for shortness, shall call "the *Witness* County Prizes," will be submitted to a commission in each province which will decide which of the number is considered the best, and award a "*Witness* Provincial Prize," which will be a complete set of Parkman's works, ten volumes in all, worth $15. For this prize, Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Keewatin, will be grouped with Manitoba.

These eight essays, which have been thus selected, will be then referred to some high authority and that which will be adjudged the best will receive a further prize of a Remington No. 2 Typewriter, with four drawer desk and cover which sells for $125. This we will call the "*Witness* Dominion Prize."

Thus, the fortunate winner of the "Dominion Prize," will win the Typewriter, by which letters and correspondence are printed, worth $125; the winners of the "Provincial Prizes," a set of Francis Parkman's works, value $15, and the winners of the "County Prize," "Macaulay's History of England" in five volumes, value $5. There will, therefore, be, one Dominion prize, eight Provincial prizes 204 County prizes.

In addition, to render the interest more general, a copy of the *Northern Messenger* will be sent for a year to the writer of the best story from each school, as decided by the teacher, but the teacher's judgment will not necessarily be followed by the judges of the county prizes. Further, every competitor will receive a card showing that he or she had a part in this great Dominion competition.

As it is almost impossible that any scholar would be able to obtain the necessary information without assistance the question of the amount of assistance which might be given would become a vexatious one. To simplify the matter, each competitor will be permitted to get all the assistance possible from any source whatever. But the story must be in the handwriting of the competitor, and the fact that the writer is a regular pupil of the school must be certified to by the head teacher thereof.

Each story must be written on *foolscap paper*, on one side only, and must not exceed 2,000 words The sheets must be folded in four, that is one-quarter the size of the page, and endorsed on the back, as follows:

DOMINION PRIZE COMPETITION.
(Name of Story.)
By
(Nom de Plume.)
(Name and Number of School.)
(County.)
(Province.)
(Signature and Address of Teacher.)

Enclosed with the manuscript should be a letter in a sealed envelope containing the name of the writer, his or her *nom de plume*, which is attached to the story, the name and address of the school and the teacher's certificate that the essay referred to is written by the scholar who is a member of the school.

The last day for the mailing of these essays will be February 28th and the prizes will be awarded as soon after as possible, so as to be given at the school closing.

The essays should be sent in as soon as ready, to facilitate the work of selection.

The judges of the county and province prizes will be selected by the superintendents of education in each province if they should consent, or if not by the publishers of the *Witness*, and will be announced as soon as selected. The judge of the Dominion prize sought for has not yet had time to reply to the application to perform this duty, but will be one in whom every competitor has confidence.

RECAPITULATION.

ONE Dominion Prize—a Remington No. 2 Typewriter, with cover and four drawer desk.

EIGHT Province Prizes—one set of Parkman's works.

TWO HUNDRED AND FOUR County Prizes, Macaulay's History of England, in five volumes, —as follows:

IN NEWFOUNDLAND, one each for the city of St. John's, the Peninsula of Avalon and the remaining portion of the Island—3.

IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, one each for Prince, Queen and King's Counties, and the City of Charlottetown.—4.

IN NOVA SCOTIA, one each for the counties of Guysborough, Halifax, Lunenburg, Queen's, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis, King's, Hants, Cumberland, Colchester, Pictou, Antigonish, Inverness, Victoria, Cape Breton, Richmond, and the City of Halifax—18.

IN NEW BRUNSWICK, one each for the counties of Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland, Kent, Westmoreland, Albert, St. John, Charlotte, King's, Queen's, Sunbury, York, Carleton, Victoria, Madawaska, and the cities of St. John, Portland and Fredericton—15.

IN QUEBEC, one each for the counties of Pontiac, Ottawa, Argenteuil, Two Mountains, Vaudreuil, Soulanges, Jacques Cartier, Hochelaga, Laval, Terrebonne, L'Assomption, Montcalm, Joliette, Berthier, Maskinonge, St. Maurice, Champlain, Portneuf, Quebec, Montmorency, Charlevoix, Chicoutimi, Saguenay, Huntingdon, Beauharnois, Chateauguay, Laprairie, Napierville, St. Johns, Chambly, Vercheres, Richelieu, Yamaska, St. Hyacinthe, Bagot, Rouville, Iberville, Nicolet, Lotbiniere, Levis, Dorchester, Bellechasse, Montmagny, L'Islet, Kamouraska, Temiscounta, Rimouski, Bonaventure, Gaspe, Arthabaska, Megantic, Beauce, Drummond, Richmond, Wolfe, Shefford, Compton, Missisquoi, Brome, Stanstead, and the town and City of Sherbrooke, and the cities of Quebec, Montreal, Hull, St. Hyacinthe, and Three Rivers—65.

IN ONTARIO one each for the Counties of Simcoe, Grey, Bruce, Huron Lambton, Essex, Kent, Elgin, Norfolk, Haldimand, Welland, Lincoln, Wentworth, Halton, Peel, York, Ontario, Durham, Northumberland, Prince Edward, Hastings, Lennox, Addington, Frontenac, Leeds, Grenville, Dundas, Stormont, Glengarry, Prescott, Russell, Carleton, Lanark, Renfrew, Middlesex, Oxford, Brant, Perth, Waterloo, Wellington, Victoria, Peterborough, Haliburton; the Districts of Muskoka, Parry Sound, Nipissing, Algoma, and Thunder Bay, and the cities of Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Brantford, London, Guelph, Kingston, and Belleville,—57.

One for the ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF KEEWATIN.

IN MANITOBA, one each for the counties of Marquette, Lavcrandrye, Provencher, Morris, Manchester, Hamilton, Dufferin, Portage la Prairie, Selkirk, Plessis, Rock Lake, Lorne, Norfolk, Lisgar, Westbourne, Beautiful Plain, Riding Mountain, Dauphin, Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, Duck Mountain, Russell, Dennis, Brandon, Turtle Mountain, Souris River, and the City of Winnipeg.—27.

One for the TERRITORY OF ALBERTA.
One for the TERRITORY OF ASSINIBOIA.
One for the TERRITORY OF SASKATCHEWAN.

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA one each for the electoral divisions of Cariboo and Lillooet, New Westminster, Vancouver, Victoria, Yale and Kootonay and the city of Victoria.—6.

THE PRIZES.

1 Dominion prize, price	$ 125
8 Province prizes, at $15	120
204 County prizes, at $5	1,020
	$1,265

We hope to receive the assistance of teachers, and trustees and all interested to make this competition most useful and interesting.

Address all correspondence and requests for fuller information to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
MONTREAL, QUE.

(Dominion Competition.)

Question Corner.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

The answers to the Prize Bible Questions of last year poured in at such a rate that the large drawer cleared to hold them proved all too small and a second one had to be appropriated. This, with our usual press of Christmas work, is the reason we are not able to announce the results of the competition in this number. All being well, however, we hope to do so in our next.

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The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

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